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NO. 15.

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K. O. F. Lodge No. 15, meets at Odd Fellows' Hall, every Saturday night. Visiting brothers invited.
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GIRLSHOUSE SLANG
A CONVERSATION BETWEEN TWO
COLLEGE GRADUATES.
Slang in the Mouths of Men is Not Enough,
but When Well Used Young Women Are
Addicted to the Habit it Becomes Absolutely
Intolerable.

Dear girls, avoid slang. There are so many reasons why you should not use it, and only one excuse in its favor that I have ever heard from any reliable authority. Here it is:

Ol' Wendell Holmes, in one of his racy breakfast table talks, says: "Don't think I undervalue the proper use and application of a cant word or phrase. It adds piquancy to conversation as a nutshell does to a sauce." That is the idea most young people have when they first begin to use slang.

But unfortunately it is like moderate drinking in its tendency, so intoxicating in its growth as a habit, and they become so "addicted to it" (to follow out the simile), that it seems impossible to make themselves intelligible without it. I have heard young ladies (7) talking who seemed to have an entire vocabulary composed of slang which would be as utterly unintelligible to a well bred English or Scotch girl as Chinese or Greek.

To quote the veteran philosopher again: "These expressions come to be algebraic symbols of minds which have grown too weak or indolent to discriminate. They are the blank checks of intellectual bankruptcy. You may fill them up with whatever idea you like. It makes no difference, for there are no funds in the treasury upon which they are drawn."

That of course is very severe, but I have often heard quite clever and well educated young ladies using those odious "blank checks" to such an extent that any one not knowing them intimately might readily have supposed their "intellectual bank" empty.

I wonder what Dr. Holmes would have thought of an actual conversation between two young ladies in good society, so called, who sat behind me in the grand stand at a baseball match last summer. I can give it almost verbatim:

"Say, Jen, look at Cob now! He is horridly 'rattled.' Mabe (short for Mabel) 'slung a glance' at him, and he lost his head as well as his base."

"Is she mad, or on Cob?"

"Ha, ha! 'Pull down your vest'! Do you think Mabel's 'off her base'?" She likes him to trot her round and 'stump up the needful' for ice cream, etc., but she likes Alf Jones better 'all the same.' You can 'bet your sweet life' she won't marry Cob."

"Look at him now. 'You bet' he's 'hustling'!"

"Get there, Eli! 'Raddigore!' That was a 'boss' run! and so on ad infinitum, ad nauseum. All this in a perfectly audible voice, and they were seemingly unaware that there was anything vulgar or out of the usual in their conversation.

Probably there was not, and yet those two young ladies were college graduates and were possessed of more than average ability.

If you think this description exaggerated, listen critically to the next unrestrained conversation between two young ladies whom you may see in the street.

"I hear you say, 'But I never could talk like that.' Take care! Just as confident ones as you have begun by using a few slang words—they are so cute and expressive, you know!" and ended by forming a vulgar and enervating habit which took great strength of mind and firm perseverance to break. The worst stage of a slang devotee is when she grows utterly unconscious of or indifferent to the habit. There is very little hope of improvement for her. The only safe way is never to form the habit at all.

Dear young girls, on you the 'language of the future' in great measure depends. You are the coming mother and teachers and will have an all powerful influence in molding the language of the next generation to come and numberless generations after that. So to that it is a language of intelligence, grace and purity.—Miss Frank Davis in Wives and Daughters.

The Value of a Good Address.
Young men should study to talk well—to state their propositions with a clearness and force that will make their hearers feel that the speaker has reached the gist of the matter, and that his object is of some weight. You will notice a man coming into the office. There is something in his very appearance and the way he carries himself that commands respect and attention. A canvasser for a book came into my office only yesterday, and he was a splendid illustration of it. I had no intention of buying his cyclopaedia. But he was well dressed and intelligent. He seemed to understand my wants, and in five minutes we were talking busily together. He sold me \$120 worth of books.

I think that a good personal address is something too little cultivated. I would rather have it than a profession.—Interview in New York Press.

The Boothblack's Polish.
A gentleman, having had his boots cleaned by a boy in a Dublin street, paid the shoeblick with a considerable degree of haughtiness, on which the little fellow, when the other had got a short way off, said:

"Arrah, now! all the polish you have is on your boots, and I gave it to ye."—Exchange.

THE SHIPMAN'S TALE.
Listen, my masters! I speak naught but truth. From dawn to dawn they drifted on and on, Not knowing whither or to what dark end. Now the north from them, now the hot south scorched. Some called to God and found great comfort so. Some gnashed their teeth with curses, and some laughed.

An empty laughter seeing that they lived, So sweet was breath between their foolish lips. Day after day the same relief (as sent) Night after night the same unlifting stars. At intervals fierce lightnings tore the clouds, Showing vast, hollow spaces, and the sheet of flame, and the torrents of the sky were loosed. From time to time a hand relaxed its grip. And some pale wreck slid down into the dark. With stifled moan, and transient horror seized The rest who waited, knowing what must be. At every turn strange shapes reached up and clutched.

The whirling wreck, held on awhile, and then Slit back again into that blackness whence they came.

Ah, hapless folk, to be so tost and torn, So racked by hunger, fever, and sea waves, And swept at last into the nameless void—Fragile ships, strong men and mothers with their babes!

And were none saved?

My masters, not a soul! Oh, shipman, heedful, woe! is thy tale! Our hearts are heavy, and our eyes are dimmed. What ship is this that suffered such ill fate? What ship, my masters? Know ye not—the World.

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich in Harper's.

Patents and What They Protect.
A business man in this city who is up to his ears in the work necessary to gather capital to float an enterprise, and at the same time to keep information of the nature of it away from busy rivals, found time last week to say: "Did you ever think that a patent does not protect in this country? Well, it's a fact. All that the patent office does is to give you a paper with some writing on it, but if another man steals your idea and goes to manufacturing your invention the patent office will not lift a finger to protect you or to stand by its own decision. The fact that you've got a patent is a point in your favor, but you've got to hire lawyers and fight the thief in the courts, and if he can stand it to hire lawyers longer than you can that settles you, and you might as well make him a present of your invention. There are lots of men in the country who are getting rich on the discoveries of other people. All they had to do was to take 'em and fight the real discoverers into poverty. The patent office, to be respected and to be of any use, ought to have the power to cause the stealer of a patent to be sent to prison."—New York Sun.

Scotch Retinence.
A Scotch laborer was dying. He had four little children. After lying silent for awhile he said he would like to see them, and the doctor very kindly told them to the bedside. All he did was to take each of the three older children by the hand and to say, "Gude day."

Then he said to the youngest, a wee thing 2 years old, "Will ye gie me a bit kisse?"

The mother, lifting up the wondering child, said, "Say 'a-ta' to your father."

"Ta-ta," said the little boy in a loud, cheerful voice, and then ran out of the cottage to play. The poor father closed his eyes; the tears ran down his cheeks, but he said no more. The abundance of his heart choked his utterance. He was weary, too, and so gude day was his only word of parting.—Twenty-five Years of St. Andrew's.

About Talking Cattle.
You know the superstition which claims that cattle have the gift of speech at midnight Christmas eve. A Schleswig story warns us to take much assurance by faith rather than crave for knowledge by sight. An unbelieving farmer once hid himself in his barn and heard one of his horses say to the other, "Dit Jaer waer wy noch unser Buer los" (We shall be rid of our master this year). The prophecy so frightened the man that he fell ill and died, and the seethsaying horse drew him to his grave.—Harper's Bazar.

About Ignorance.
One speaker, referring to the prevalent ignorance about common things, said that he once saw a laborer digging flints in the chalk and asked him if he thought they grew:

"No," was the reply. "I don't think about it; I know they do."

"Ta-ta," said the little boy in a loud, cheerful voice, and then ran out of the cottage to play. The poor father closed his eyes; the tears ran down his cheeks, but he said no more. The abundance of his heart choked his utterance. He was weary, too, and so gude day was his only word of parting.—Twenty-five Years of St. Andrew's.

The Linn Month.
January is known in Chicago as the linn month. A newspaper of that city states that this is because the housewife then does most of her purchases for the year, and not, as has been alleged, because the annual washing takes place in that month.—Exchange.

A company has been organized at San Antonio, Tex., to utilize the mesquite bean. The chief object is to prepare the bean so that a beverage resembling coffee can be made from its decoction or infusion.

The temple of the Sun, at Palmyra, covered a square of 23 yards on each side. It was approached by a magnificent avenue over half a mile long, inclosed by rows of columns and statues.

The ordinary folding fan is said to have been invented in Japan, in the seventh century, by a native artist, who derived the idea from the way in which the bat closes its wings.

All persons whose occupations are sedentary should make it a matter of duty to counteract the unwholesome tendency of their daily employment by some form of exercise.

Boston has established a co-operative home for young women students. There are accommodations for 150, and the price of board range from \$1.50 to \$3.50 per week.

We love only partially till we know thoroughly. Grant that a closer acquaintance reveals weakness; it will also disclose strength.—Bacon.

But She Didn't Get the Boots.
I was trying on a pair of shoes, not many days ago, in one of the "sample" shoe stores. Finding a pair which particularly pleased me, the clerk laced up one, and looked for the other to do likewise, but it could not be found. After a vain search I was about to give it up and select another pair which did not please me half as well, when I saw the edge of the woman's skirt, who sat next me, bulging out, and, calling the attention of the salesman to the fact, he extracted the boot from under her dress.

It seems she liked the boots as well as I did, and if she did not get them, it was not because she did not possess unbounded assurance.

Some women get through this world on their nerve, and this woman was one of them.—New York Herald.

The Color Question.
Little boy Sterling, 5 years old, was recently having his hair done up for the night. He was restless under the operation, and his nurse tried to interest him by speaking of the colored waiter who had come that day.

"He looks as neat as a new pin, in his white jacket and apron," said she.

"Yes," responded Sterling, "neat as a new black pin."—Kate Field's Washington.

American Architecture.
The distinctive form of American architecture may be seen in the modern office building now so popular in most of our large cities. It combines in the highest degree utility with excellence and is at once a model of convenience and of beauty.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Glass Industry.
The progress of the glass industry in America has been far from constant. It has suffered severe and violent fluctuations, amounting almost to annihilation. Several times it has needed to be born again. But the sum total of these successes and vicissitudes has been the establishment of an industry which, while it is the oldest, is also at the present time one of the most promising and most highly developed of all our industries.—Professor C. H. Henderson in Popular Science Monthly.

A London Idea.
In certain London restaurants each customer is allowed to make his or her tea. The waitress lights the gas burner, which is affixed to each table, and sets thereon a silver kettle. Then she presents to the teamaker a silver caddy divided into compartments and offering a choice of Scotch, Ceylon or green tea. Any one who is compelled to drink the lukewarm stuff called tea at restaurants will appreciate the new idea.—London Letter.

A Scene in a Maine Town.
One of Caribou's popular young business men was in Buckfield recently with his bride, and when about leaving town, just before the train started, the bride discovered that she had left one of her wraps behind. A messenger was dispatched in haste to bring the garment, and the conductor very kindly told the train. The messenger arrived, and the conductor, impatiently waiting for the couple to enter the car, saw them start on a mission among their many relatives, and then remarked that unless his train started at once he would be obliged to claim a kiss from the bride. The happy young married man heard the remark and hustled his bride on the car, while his relatives and many friends shook their handkerchiefs and hands as the door closed and the train pulled out from the station.—Aroostook (Me.) Republican.

Crow Quills Make the Best Pens.
A quill penmaker says that no pen will do as fine writing as the crow quill. It requires the assistance of a microscope to make a proper pen out of such a quill, but when made it is of wonderful delicacy. The microscopic writing told of in books of literary curiosities was all done with a crow quill. The steel pens of the present have very fine points, but somehow a finer point can be given to a quill than has ever been put on a steel pen, and for delicacy nothing can equal it.—New York Tribune.

An Instinctive Choice.
Uncle (to little Moses, aged 6)—Moses, as a reward for your diligence at school I will buy you a new book. What kind would you like?

Moses—Well, if I may choose, get me a savings bank book.—Exchange.

Its Usefulness Gone.
Mamma—Why don't you play with that clockwork elephant Santa Claus brought you?

Little Dick—It doesn't scare the cat any more.—Good News.

Royal
Baking Powder
Absolutely Pure

A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—Largest United States Government Food Inspection.

Royal Baking Powder Co.,
100 Wall St., N. Y.

KIT CARSON IN ITS PRIME.
It had seven thousand hunting citizens. Where Now but a Hundred Remains.

"In 1870 you might have traveled 1,000 miles and not have found as lively a town as Kit Carson, Colo.," said Station Agent Billy Dunaway the other day as the Kansas Pacific train lingered before the station house at the now quiet little town on Big Sandy creek in eastern Colorado.

"This was then the terminus of the Denver line of the Union Pacific, and you can just bet the camp was a hummer. There were over 7,000 people here, and a gayer crowd you never saw. The population was made up of railroad men, cowboys, mule skinner, gamblers and a preacher.

"The latter was sometimes lonely, but the 6,800 other people in camp were not so sociable and managed to have a moderately good time, and everything ran wide open, and in the palmiest days of the camp there were 47 saloons, 7 dance halls, 3 theaters and all the other things necessary to the lubrication of existence in the gay and bounding west. For two years things were red-hot, with fights, shooting matches and lynchings near by every night.

"Some of the old time engineers who were jerking steam over the line then say a regular daily news item in railway circles for awhile was to the effect that a man or two had been hung the night before to the bridge on the Sandy. The lynching of a man for murder was an unusual event, but dire vengeance was wreaked on the petty burglar, horse thief or other unprincipled offender who did not have the nerve to shoot, but sneaked around afraid to denounce the infamous work. When dealing fair, the gamblers preserved peace and quietude in the game by wearing two 6-shooters silently swinging from their belts, and when in a game of 'stud' the pack was always secured from being blown away by one of these same free moral agents. Some stiff games were played in those days, and when a cowboy came in off the roundup, or when the freighter came in from a long trip off to Mexico or Arizona, or pay day on the line came along, money was stacked a foot high on the cloth.

"After the camp had been running in this way for two years the road was put on through to Denver, and the crowd followed. Where once you could see over 7,000 people there are now a hundred or so, and all that remains of the former glory of this namesake of old Kit Carson is the nameless barnyard you see up there on the hill, a lot of broken beer bottles and desertion."

Julius Eichberg writes: "At the close of a musical festival in railway circles for awhile was to the effect that a man or two had been hung the night before to the bridge on the Sandy. The lynching of a man for murder was an unusual event, but dire vengeance was wreaked on the petty burglar, horse thief or other unprincipled offender who did not have the nerve to shoot, but sneaked around afraid to denounce the infamous work. When dealing fair, the gamblers preserved peace and quietude in the game by wearing two 6-shooters silently swinging from their belts, and when in a game of 'stud' the pack was always secured from being blown away by one of these same free moral agents. Some stiff games were played in those days, and when a cowboy came in off the roundup, or when the freighter came in from a long trip off to Mexico or Arizona, or pay day on the line came along, money was stacked a foot high on the cloth.

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